

Title and Wealth.

When the American girl lavishes her smiles and her preference upon the handsome youth of good family and great fortune, does she prove herself to be a snob? If her feeling could be analyzed, it would be simply this, that she would willingly marry him as the condition of an ample gratification of her social ambitions and tastes. Her marriage would secure her the best social position, and supply her with the splendid environment which she desires. The young English girls sets all her smiles in the same way for a dissipated young marquis, let us suppose, ignorant, boorish, and poor. But are not her feelings and purpose the same as those of her American sister? Is not her motive the same desire of the best social position and the gratification of splendid tastes? And is this what is meant by snobbery? Evidently Thackeray's lance was thrown at something more than this, and one of the shrewdest of women says that verily snobbery is worship of rank as making a higher order of humanity. The English girl, says this authority, does not look upon the marquis as the American girl looks upon the young millionaire, but she thinks him to be a superior being and his willingness to marry her a condescension. This is the degradation of snobbery, she argues, that a mere accident, or something wholly apart from the character or endowment of the person, like the form of his nose or the color of his hair, should overcome another person as a kind of celestial superiority. No American girl can understand that anybody is her superior merely because he is of a certain family or of a recognized rank, and she would laugh until sunset at the suggestion that a man called a duke did her a favor, or condescended to her, when he promised to marry her. Snobbery, according to this view, is the worship of rank—a worship which levels all moral and mental distinctions and eats up the soul. But the desire of money in the case of the American also levels such distinctions and in the same way. This is not an essential difference between the feeling which impels a woman to marry a marquis because of his rank, however poor, and ignorant, and repulsive he may be, and that which persuades her to marry a millionaire because of his money. Snobishness is the sacrifice of time, and labor, and thought, and energy, in fact, of life, to mere worldly display. The woman who laughs at the pretensions of social rank and noble title, yet who gives herself for a fortune, is no less a snob than her sister who gives herself for a coronet. In the one case the coronet stands for all that the fortune implies in the other. If indeed rank be held to be indicative of something superior, yielding to it is more respectable than surrender to mere money.

Not many miles from New Bedford a small company of colored brethren decided to take up a collection. The presiding officer offered to pass the hat himself, and in order to encourage the others, he put in a ten cent piece. After the collection, during which every hand had been in the hat, the President approached the table, turned the hat upside down, and not even his own contribution dropped out. He opened his eyes in astonishment and exclaimed: "Po goodness, but I've eben lost de ten cents I started out wid!" The presiding officer demanded the restoration of the ten cent piece. But nobody came forward. After an impressive pause a brother remarked, solemnly, "Dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson round heah somewhar."

Will ex-Judge Cooke kindly cast his eye over the county election returns and then furnish a diagram of the chasm—the cavity—the hole as it were, that he made in the Democratic party when he left it?—*Greenville News*.

How to Mind a Baby.

First, a man must needs have one to take care of. It isn't every one that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to the neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she caresses him, and oftener she says, sternly: "John, take good care of the child till I return."

You want to remonstrate, but cannot pluck up courage while that awful female's eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain, and merely remark: "Don't stay long, my dear."

She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub and sing an operatic air; he does not appreciate it; and yells the louder. You try to bribe him with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use, he spits it out. You get wrathful and shake him. He stops a second, and you venture an other, when, good heavens! he sets up such a roar that the passers by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate, your hair stands on end and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit. You try baby talk; but "litty, litty lauby" has no effect, for he stretches as if a red-hot poker had been laid upon his spine, and still he yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give him your gold watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whiskers; though he throws down a handful of your cherished mustache to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs when down comes that costly watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long suffering child from your willing arms, and sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished mustache and muttering a malediction on baby-kind in general, and on the image of his father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby again—until the next time.

The Lancaster *Ledger* learns that Mr. Robert Parker, who was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary from Union County, for the killing of Mr. Leander Stack about twelve months ago, and who was pardoned out of the penitentiary about two months since, was waylaid and shot with a gun loaded with buckshot while ploughing in his field on Saturday evening last. The assassin concealed himself in a patch of woods and shot Mr. P. as he turned his horse at the end of the row. It is hoped that the wounded man will recover.

It is to be regretted that at the closing meeting of the grand campaign which had been conducted so successfully by our leaders, that a sad accident occurred at Bennettsville in the presence of a vast concourse of people. There was great enthusiasm but a pall of gloom was cast upon all by the sad accident caused by the premature discharge of a cannon. William Bowyer lost both arms and Archie McCall, a brother of Senator McCall, lost his left arm. They are both doing well.

"She dresses quietly," is the comment of one of the fashion journals on a well-known belle. It is an absurdity. When a young lady dresses there is more rattling around and banging about than a little, and calling for this and for that, and slamming doors and breaking off bureau knobs, and—and we have often wondered how she stood it so well. We don't believe a woman ever dressed quietly.

Dancing.

Dr. Butler, in his "Land of the Veda," shows the estimation in which the heathen regard dancing: "No man in India would allow his wife or daughter to dance; and as to dancing with another man, he would be certain to forsake her forever as a woman lost to virtue and modesty, if she were to attempt it. In their observation of white women, there is nothing that so much perplexes them as the fact that fathers and husbands will permit their wives and daughters to indulge in promiscuous dancing. No argument will convince them that this act is such as a virtuous woman should practice, or that its tendency is not licentious. The prevalence of the practice in 'Christian' nations makes our holy religion—which they suppose must allow it—to be abhorred by many of them, and often it is cast in the teeth of our missionaries while preaching to them. But what would these heathens say, could they enter our operas and theatres and see the shocking exposures of their persons which our public women there present before mixed assemblies? Yet they would be much more astonished, that ladies of virtue and reputation should be found there, accompanied by their daughters, to witness the sight, and that, too, in the presence of the other sex! But then they are only heathens, and don't appreciate the high accomplishments of Christian civilization! Still, heaven grant that the future church of India may ever retain at least this item of the prejudice of their forefathers! Dancing forms no part of a daughter's education in India, and never will—unless they become corrupted by Christian example."

A Horrible Death.

John Turnbull met with a horrible death on the night of the 30th at Monteth, a small station on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad, and about sixteen miles distant from Savannah. It is supposed he was trying to get a free ride on the accommodation passenger train, which leaves Savannah at 10 o'clock, and that in trying to secure his position between two of the cars he missed his hold and was thrown under the wheels which passed over his body about the abdomen, frightfully crushing him and producing almost instant death. The car was thrown off the track. The body of the unfortunate man was placed in one of the freight boxes and carried to the city. The coroner was notified, and upon viewing the body ordered its removal to the dead-house at the Hospital and adjourned the inquest until 10 o'clock this morning.

Shot in Church.

A citizen just from Rock Hill brings intelligence of a fatal occurrence there Sunday night. At the church for colored people during the night service a small darkey was suddenly seized with a desire to make a contribution. Being without the necessary funds he bethought him of a dollar pistol which he had in his pocket and taking that out negotiated with another small brother for the loan of a nickel, giving the weapon as collateral. The holder of the collateral was examining his pledge shortly after when it accidentally went off depositing its load under the ear of the original owner named Jim Gooch, killing him almost instantly. A coroner jury was empanelled and found these facts.—*Charlotte Observer*.

Mr. W. G. Gooding, Treasurer of Hampton County, S. C., offers a reward of five hundred dollars for the delivery of his valise and contents, consisting of gold and silver coin, United States Treasury Notes, National Bank bills, silver certificates, Court tickets, drafts, etc., amounting in all to about \$3,655, which was stolen from him on the night of the 7th of October, at Gillsonville, in Hampton county, or a proportionate reward for whatever amount may be recovered and so delivered.

A Stranger's Mistakes.

A few days ago a Western merchant, who wanted to do some sight-seeing and buy his Fall stock at the same time, entered a dry goods jobbing house on Broadway, and accosted the first person he met with, "Are you the proprietor here?" "Not exactly the proprietor," was the reply. "At present I am acting as shipping clerk, but I am cutting my cards for a partnership next year by organizing noon prayer meetings in the basement."

The stranger passed on to a very important looking personage with a diamond pin, and asked: "Are you the head of the house?"

"Well, no; I can't say as I am at present, but I have hopes of a partnership in January. I'm only one of the travelers just now, but I'm laying for a \$2000 pew in an up-town church, and that will mean a quarter interest here in less than six months."

The next man had his feet up, his hat back and a twenty cent cigar in his mouth, and looked so solid that the stranger said:

"You must run this establishment?"

"Me? Well, I may run it very soon. At present I'm the book-keeper, but I'm expecting to get into a choir with the old man's darling and become an equal partner here."

The stranger was determined not to make another mistake. He walked around until he found a man with his coat off and busy with a case of goods, and he said to him:

"The porters are kept pretty busy in here, I see."

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"But I suppose you are planning to invent a gospel hymn book and sing the old man out of an eighth interest, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the quiet reply. "I'm the old man himself."

And all that the stranger said, after a long minute spent in looking the merchant over, was: "Well, darn my buttons!"—*Wall Street News*.

Tolerance.

Mr. H. J. Felton published a card denying the charge that he voted the Radical ticket, and we believe him for many reasons. The people of our country must learn one thing, however. While every possible lawful means should be used to show our scorn and hatred of the man who votes for a Radical State or county ticket, that hostility should not be extended to the Northern man who is a Republican in National politics. Good and true men there as we think in error, support Garfield and Arthur, and coming among us as settlers or visitors should be welcomed and made comfortable and happy. It is only the carpet-beggers seeking office, and the malignants, native or foreign, who associate with negroes, slander us, and seek to put thieves over us, that should be made to feel the weight of public wrath. Let the line be sharply drawn—the utmost tolerance and freedom in National politics, but a speedy punishment for supporters of local thieves and ignoramuses. We want immigration. Only the men who will spend their time in arraying negroes against whites and promoting the destruction of the State are unwelcome.—*Greenville News*.

The Columbia *Register* is responsible for the following: "One of Garfield's colored supporters was arguing on Main street yesterday that the reason Hancock was not elected was because he was an Irishman. This intelligent suffragan swore that he could produce a man who had the papers that would show that General Hancock was an Irishman, and that he was born in Rhode Island."

It was reported on Wednesday in the up country that Judge Cooke had been killed in Greenville on the day of election, and some of his friends were very uneasy. It afterwards transpired that the Judge was politically killed only.

Bishop Doggett.

After a protracted illness, Rev. David Seth Doggett, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died at his home in Richmond, Va., Wednesday night, October 27, 1880. This intelligence will occasion grief and mourning throughout the church and country. Bishop Doggett was a fine scholar, an able minister, and humble Christian gentleman, and was justly held in high esteem as a wise and an impartial Superintendent of the Church. His death, which, at any time, would have been a public calamity, occurring just in the midst of the sessions of the Annual Conferences, and when his remaining Episcopal colleagues have scarcely time and strength to meet their own appointments, falls with peculiar and afflicting weight on the Church. The members of the South Carolina Conference have been greatly pleased at the prospect of having him to preside at their session in December. However well his place may be filled by another the South Carolina Conference will feel sad and sorrowful when they assemble next month in Marion, and find that the beloved brother, Bishop Doggett, is not there. God has taken his faithful servant to himself, and would thus remind the laborers remaining in the vineyard to work while it is day, and to be also ready. Bishop Doggett was born in Lancaster County, Va., 1810; entered the ministry when a young man; was elected Bishop in 1866, and was about 70 years old when he died.—*Neighbor*.

A spirited shooting affray of short duration took place at Belton, Anderson County, on last Tuesday. It appears that a negro from Honea Path, who had been seen at that place in the morning, attempted to vote at Belton at about half past 12 o'clock. His vote was challenged by a white man who had seen him at Honea Path and who had reason to believe he had voted there. The negro denied the fact and gave the white man the lie, when he was slapped in the face. The negro then drew a pistol and fired it, when pistols were drawn by white and colored and several shots were fired. It was supposed that two of the negroes, including the one who started the trouble, had been wounded, but nothing was known about it late in the afternoon, as they had run off and could not be found. Two white men were slightly touched but not injured by the flying missiles. All was over in a few moments and the voting continued as though nothing had happened.

As to slouchy wives, we have no charity for them; we would ignore their existence if we could. Many wonder at the great reluctance on the part of young men of to-day marrying; but when we see the frowzy heads, the untidy dressing of the wives of the young men who are married, we cease to wonder. It is a little singular that women think it necessary before marriage to "fix up" and look always at their best to win and keep the loves of their sweethearts, but think it altogether unnecessary after marriage. Were women as particular to keep themselves looking becoming and to be always in the best of humor when wives as when sweethearts, we would have fewer slighted and misused wives in our land. And a tidy, painstaking wife will always make a husband less careless and slouchy. A man with a slouchy wife, be he ever so "starchy," never cares much for his own appearance.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin showing the results of the first count of the population of the State of South Carolina according to the schedules returned by the enumerators. The total population of the State is 995,306, of which 490,327 are males and 504,979 females; 987,964 are natives, and 7,642 foreign born. The whites number 381,071, and the colored people 604,325.

Shooting at Due West.

W. R. Dunn, white, was shot at Due West on election day by Cyrus Wimbush, colored. Mr. Dunn was coming into town and Wimbush was leaving and met in the upper part of the place near Prof. Hood's, when the shooting occurred. One ball grazed the side of Mr. Dunn's face and one passed through his coat in front across his breast. He made a narrow escape. Wimbush fled and afterwards surrendered himself to the authorities and was brought to jail Tuesday night where he awaits judicial investigation of the charge against him. Wimbush is a colored politician of some notoriety. Mr. Dunn is a successful farmer and lives on near Donaldsonville.—*Medium*.

A sewing machine agent in driving through Monroe County, Kentucky, drew up before a cottage and asked a beardless sixteen-year old boy standing in the yard if his mother was at home. "She is, but she don't live here," he answered. "I'm the head of this house." Finding the boy married, the agent went inside and encountered a child, who said she was the boy's wife, and that when she was married she was not eleven years old. "What on earth did you marry for?" asked this agent. "What do other folks marry for?" the child replied. The boy said that he intended to buy a sewing machine for his wife, which she got old enough to sew. "Come around in three or four years," he said, "and I'll take one."

Mark Twain said to Gen. Grant at Hartford: "When Wellington won Waterloo, a battle about on a level with some dozen of your victories, sordid England tried to pay him for that service with wealth and grandeur; she made him a duke and gave him \$4,000,000. If you had done so and suffered for any other country what you have done and suffered for your own you would have been affronted in the same sordid way." This will probably rank as Mark's best joke. Grant has been often "affronted" by having sordid things offered him, and we have yet to hear of any of the "affronts" being refused.

Judge Kershaw, who is president of an anti-duelling society, said in his charge to a Spartanburg Grand Jury: "If the duel is to be tolerated at all, it is due to our people that it should be openly legalized and regulated under the law, and the Code of Honor, or so-called, in some form spread upon the statute books. If the duel were thus sanctioned by the law, and this form of homicide legalized, it would at least comprehend the necessity of training our sons from infancy to the skillful use of the pistol, reverse our ethical system, and omit from the Lord's prayer so much as doth teach us mercy."

The Western women who go to Boston to kill the author of the following story must go to the office of the *Commercial Bulletin*: "Is your programme full, Miss Maud?" asked a young man of a Western damsel who had just struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye and an "order of dances" in her hand. "Programme full?" said the daughter of the Setting Sun, "Waal, I guess not. I hain't had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice cream, an' that don't go down toward filling my programme. I can tell you."

On Saturday last, in the neighborhood of Blairsville, Deputy Sheriff Thomas H. Glenn, assisted by J. L. Carroll and Robt. T. Riggins, attempted to arrest Isaac Castles, colored, on a warrant sent to the Sheriff of this county from Chester. Isaac at first denied his identity, but when it was fully established, he drew a Colt's revolver and attempted to fire at the posse, when Carroll fired his pistol at Isaac, inflicting a slight wound. He was then arrested and brought to this place and committed to jail.—*Yorkville Enquirer*.